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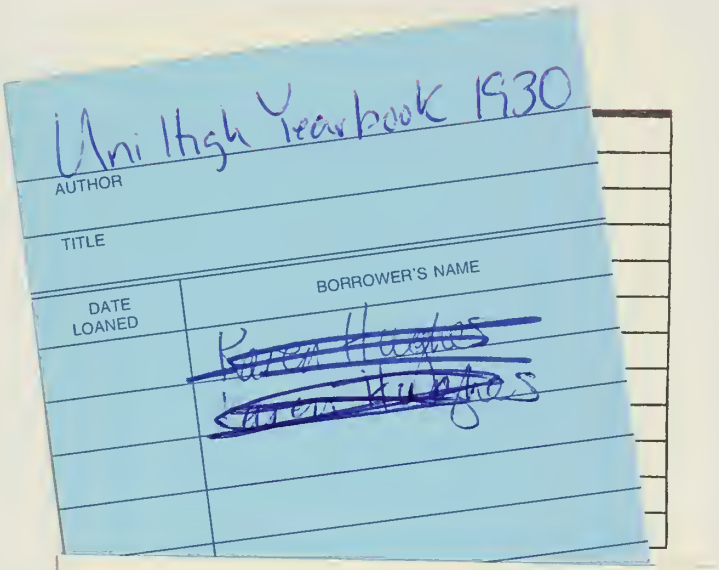

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U and I

University High School Annual

Published by

The Senior Class

June, 1930

Volume Nine

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
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Urbana, Illinois

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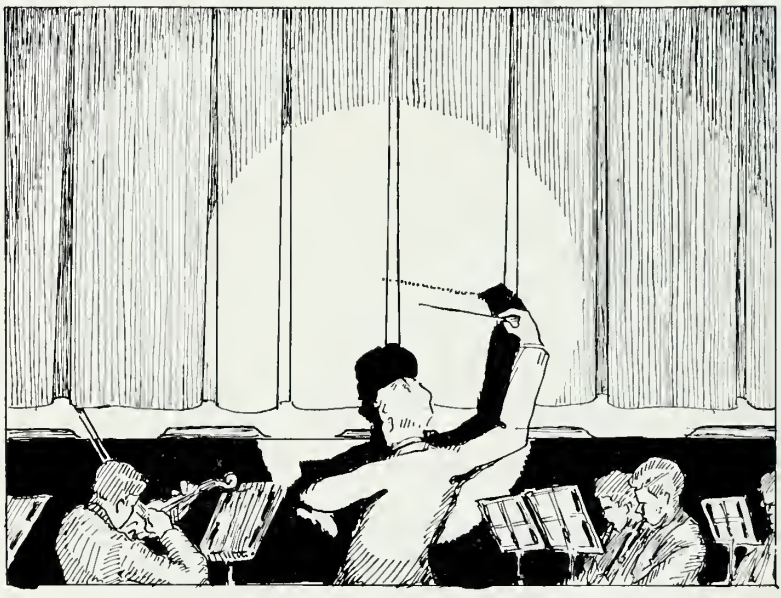
TO

OUR ADVISER, INSTRUCTOR, FRIEND

WILBUR E. HARNISH

WE DEDICATE THIS BOOK AS A TOKEN OF

APPRECIATION AND ESTEEM



FOREWORD

The class of 1930 presents this annual in the hope that it will not only bring you present pleasure, but that in the future it will serve to remind you of the happiest of your school experiences.

The editing staff wishes to thank Miss McHarry, Mrs. Ruess, and the art classes for their splendid work, and the members of the school for co-operation which has made possible the publication of the 1930 U and I.

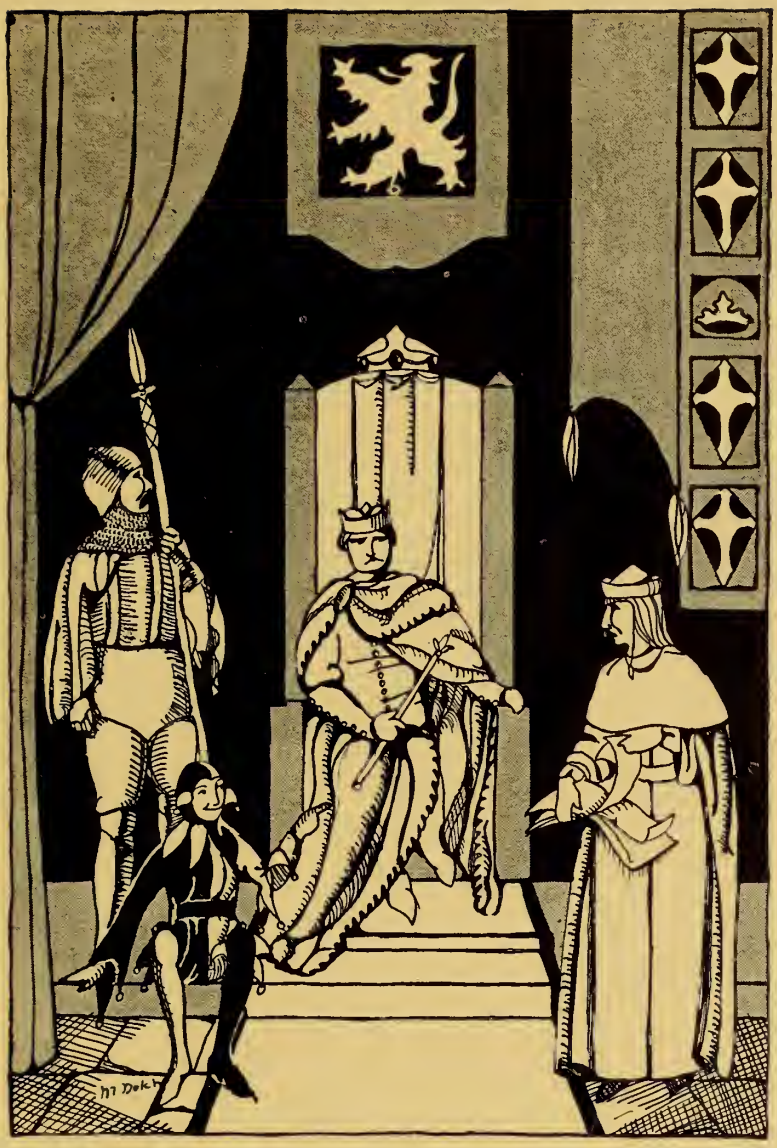
The Staff

IN MEMORIAM

CHARLES ERNEST CHADSEY

Dean of the College of Education
University of Illinois

OUR DIRECTORS



CLASSES

AS WE KNOW THEM

FRANCES WILSON
History

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in woman."

VELMA KITCHELL
Music

"How her fingers went when they moved over the ivory keys."

H. H. BRAUCHER
Industrial Arts

"So much one man can do, that does both act and know."

R. T. GREGG
Industrial Arts

"There is a way of rising in the world —by one's own industry!"

GERTRUDE HENDRIX
Mathematics

"It must be done like lightning!"

J. R. BYERLEY
Science

"Books must follow science, not science books."

MABEL HAGAN
Commercial

"By time and toil we sever what strength and rage could never."

EVALENE SULLIVAN
Librarian

"To please in everything is her desire."

LIESETTE JANE McHARRY
English

"How well she acted all and every part."

L. W. WILLIAMS
Principal

"All people said he had authority."

W. E. HARNISH
Science

"Hit the nail on the head."

WILLIAM HABBERTON
History

"A rhapsody of words."

HELEN TAYLOR
Mathematics

"There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things."

ALICE JACOBY
English

"Let us then be up and doing."

FLORENCE RUESS
Art

"Art is difficult, transient is her reward."

MARIE J. BOYSEN
Latin

"Knowledge is power—nam et ipsa scientia potestas est."

DORLES STUTZMAN
English

"Her charm, her understanding to direct is known to all."

J. M. HARVEY
French

"And gladly would he lerne and gladly teche."

C. E. FOUSER
Music

"To blow in, not to play on the flute; you must move the fingers."

ANNA BELLE ROBINSON
Home Economics

"The mildest manners and the gentlest heart."

DR. LYTLE
Mathematics

"A man made up of qualities that meet or make great occasions."

DR. PAUL
English

"There is not less wit nor invention in applying rightly a thought one finds in a book, than in being the first author of that thought."

ROBERT PAUL BACON "BOB"
Champaign High School
University High School, one year
"He is not dead; but sleeps."
Senior Play; Senior Play Committee.

ROBERT FRANCES BOURNE
"KAY"
St. John's High School, Scranton, Pennsylvania
University High school, three years
"From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, she is all mirth."
Girls' Glee Club

JEAN BULL
University High School, four years
"Her charms strike the sight, and her merit wins the soul."
Literary Editor; Senior Play Committee; Class Secretary; Girl Reserve Secretary; Thimble Theatre Guild; Orchestra; Boys' Glee Club, Accompanist; Senior Invitation Committee; Class Prophecy.

KATHARINE CALLEN
University High school, four years
"Never idle a moment."
Circulation Editor; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve; Class Will.

DOROTHY HELEN CATHERWOOD
University High School, four years
"Her smile is like the dawn."
Senior Play Committee; Girl Reserve; Piano Solo.

ELETA HUNT DALLENBACH
"SKEETERS"
University High School, four years
"As merry as the day is long."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Senior Play Committee; Girl Reserve; Vocal Solo.

BARBARA DODGE "BABS"
Urbana High School
University High School, three years
"This poor little one-horse town."

ANDREW S. DRAPER "ANDY"
University High School, four years
"You are uneasy; you never sailed with me before, I see."
Joke Editor; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; Orchestra; Class History.

CATHERINE GREGORY
University High School, four years
"Grace was in all her steps,
Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Program Chairman; Girl Reserve; Senior Play Committee; Class President; Welcome.

JOHN R. GUMS "JOHNNY"
University High School, four years
"The wrong way seems more reasonable."
Snapshot Editor; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; Boys Glee Club; "The Valiant;" Class Treasurer; Class Will; Operetta.

MARGARET WALKER JONES
"MARGIE"
University High School, three years
"A smile for every joy,
A tear for every sorrow."
Tmible Theatre Guild, Secretary; Girl Reserve, President; "The Valiant;" Class Secretary; Senior Invitation Committee; Class Prophecy.

JANET LUZON MACINTIRE
University High School, four years
"Better late than never."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Membership Chairman; Girl Reserve; Class Poem.

JOSEPHINE ROSE MALLOY "JO"
Champaign High School
University High School, one year
"It would talk;
Lord, how it talked."

MARGARET JANE M'CASKILL
"MARGIE"
University High School, four years
"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant, too, to think on."
Society Editor; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve, Social Chairman; Class Vice-President; "Faraway Princess;" Girls' Glee Club, President; Operetta.

JACK McNEVIN
University High School, four years
"Whistle, and she'll come to you."
Editor-in-Chief; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild; "Rosalie;" Boys' Glee Club; Class Prophecy; Operetta.

REVA FLEDDIA MYERS
Champaign High School
University High School, two years
"On with the Dance! let joy be unconfined."

THEODORE FREDERICK NEWCOMB "TED"
University High School, four years
"Hang sorrow! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry."

THEODORE PARMELEE "TED"
University High School, four years
"Although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it."
Art Editor; Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; "The Valiant;" Commencement Committee; Hatchet Oration.

ELIZABETH WALKER PROVINE
"BETTY"
University High School, four years
"But to see her was to love her. Love but her and love forever."
Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve, President, Service Chairman; Senior Invitation Committee.

JEAN ROBERTSON
University High School, four years
"Deeds, not words."
Commencement Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve; Senior Play Committee; Girls' Glee Club, Vice-President; Operetta.

HELEN LOUISE SHIELDS
Maroa High School, Decatur, Ill.
University High School, one year
"With a smile always on her lips."

OPAL LAVON SMITH
Sidney High School
University High School, one year
"Kindness is wisdom. There is none in life but needs it and may learn."

BARBARA STRAUCH
University High School, four years
"Darkly, deeply beautiful."
Thimble Theatre Guild; Girl Reserve; Girls' Glee Club; "The Faraway Princess;" Senior Invitation Committee; Operetta.

ROBERT C. STOUT "BOB"
University High School, four years
"A man diligent in his business."
Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Business Manager of U. and I.

PRESTON HEATH TUTTLE
"PRESTO"
University High School, four years
"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men."
Senior Class President; Commencement Committee; Senior Play; Thimble Theatre Guild, President; "The Faraway Princess;" Boys' Glee Club; Track; Extemporaneous; Senior Play Committee; Operetta; Hi-Y.

ETHEL JEAN WAITS
Evanston High School
University High School, one year
"I am nothing if not critical."

ROBERT B. WATSON "BOB"
University High School, four years
"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright."
Senior Play; Senior Play Committee; Thimble Theatre Guild; Hi-Y, Secretary-Treasurer; "The Valiant;" Class Treasurer; Farewell.

EVELYN GRACE WEBER "LYNN"
University High School, four years
"My library
Was dukedom large enough."
Commencement Committee; Girls' Glee Club; Operetta.

AFFRA WEDDING
Urbana High School
University High School, two years
"Is she not passing fair?"

FRANCES LORETTA WESSELS
"DIMPLES"
University High School, four years
"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, low."
Girl Reserve; Girls' Glee Club; Operetta.

ROBERT DEAL "BOB"
Springfield High School
University High School, two years
"The mirror of all courtesy."

ROBERT ARTHUR GOPEL "BUB"
East Orange High School, East Orange, New Jersey
University High School, one year
"A man of mark."
Senior Play Committee;

PAULINE HUFFORD
Cerro Gordo High School, Cerro Gordo, Illinois
University High School, one-half year
"She studies to be quiet."

WILLIAM ROSS "BILL"
Champaign High School
University High School, one year
"Witty from the top of his head up."

KATHARINE WHITE "KATE"
Champaign High School
University High School, one year
"I am sure care's an enemy to life."
Senior Play; Girls Glee Club; Operetta.

ERWIN ALYN WHITNAH "WHIT"
Champaign High School
University High School, one year
"I thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind."
Sport Editor; Basketball; Track.

JOHN H. ROTHGEB "MIGHTY"
East Orange High School, East Orange, New Jersey
University High School, one-half year
"To be strong is to be happy."

U AND I STAFF

JACK MCNEVIN—*Editor-in-Chief*

ROBERT STOUT—*Business* KATHARINE CALLEN—*Circulation*

JOHN GUMS—*Snaps* JEAN BULL—*Literary* THEODORE PARMELEE—*Art*

ELETA DALLENBACH—*Calendar* ANDREW DRAPER—*Jokes* MARGARET MCCASKILL—*Society*

ON, TO THE NEXT FIELD

We are harvesting the grain of life,
The golden grain of knowledge and pride.
We have reaped from four successive fields;
Many others await our scythes.

The first field was the most severe—
The grain was high and green and coarse.
But in the next our hands grew quick;
Our scythes waxed sharp and keen.

The crop beyond was tall,
But we moved smoothly, more easily through.
We perceived the joy of conquering the task,
As we viewed the last of the grain.

And now that our reaping is done,
In a spirit of joy we turn back again
To number our sheaves. Is the grain all cut?
If it is, then on! To a merited rest.

But youth is a time for work.
We may rest when our hands are slow.
The horizon shows countless fields of grain;
We cannot rest. We must go on.

JANET MACINTIRE

CLASS HISTORY

Splash, splash, gurgle! A dripping freshman dashed out of the locker room, down the hall, and out the south door, leaving a trail of water behind him. He, my friends, was one of us, a proud member of the class of 1930. In spite of such torment, we, the freshmen, back in 1927, had a very successful year. The results of our first class election were: Catherine Gregory, president; Robert Watson, vice president; Edmund Dillon, secretary and treasurer; with Miss Taylor and Miss Duguid for advisers. A notable achievement of our freshman year was the reviving of the school newspaper, "The Tiny Illini." The inexperienced freshman basketball team lost to the sophomores in the class tournament.

We were scheduled to give a party for the school, on April Fool's Day. Alas, as the time drew near, it was found that the class finances were in a sad condition. There could be no orchestra. However, we surmounted that obstacle by borrowing a phonograph for the occasion. By the time we had resigned ourselves to the tyrannies of the upper-classmen, summer had come with its much needed vacation.

By the next fall the worm had turned. Now we were sophomores who smiled broadly at the new, dripping freshmen, the class of '31. For officers the sophomores chose William Schultz, president; Ralph Pratt, vice president; Robert Watson, secretary; and Helen Catherwood, treasurer. Messrs. Schultz and Alter acted as able advisers.

By the junior year the class of '30 were beginning to know a lot. This was shown in one way by the very capable officers they chose. Edmund Dillon was president; Katherine Callen, vice president; Jean Bull, secretary; and John Gums, treasurer. Mr. Harvey and Mr. Habberton advised. The president appointed a class pin and ring committee and a hop committee, and soon rings, pins, and hops were much in evidence. Soon afterwards we gave a "dee-lightful" Thanksgiving party. All these early activities made quite a drain on the treasury. Ways to raise money had to be thought of. Of course, the one sure method, the candy sale, was used. Also, under Miss Foley's direction, we made a great success of "The Copperhead." Then, as a climax, came the banquet given by us for the Seniors.

This last year has seemed the shortest of all. Under the direction of Miss McHarry and Miss Stutzman things have gone off smoothly—the Rummage Sale, the Hallowe'en party, the Senior play, and the U and I.

Our last request is that we may come back and do something, anything, in the new gymnasium.

Andrew Draper '30

COMMENCEMENT CALENDAR

Parent-Teachers and Class Day Banquet

Thursday, May 29, 6 P. M.
High School Gymnasium

President's Welcome . . . . . Preston Tuttle
Parents' Response . . . . . Mrs. Lehman
Class History . . . . . Andrew Draper
Class Poem . . . . . Janet Macintire
Class Will . . . . . Katherine Callen, John Gums
Class Prophecy . . . . Jean Bull, Margaret Jones, Jack McNevin
Hatchet Oration . . . . . Theodore Parmelee
Junior Response . . . . . John Anderson
Music . . . . . Orchestra, Boy's Glee Club

Baccalaureate Sermon

Sunday, June 1, 8 P. M.
High School Gymnasium

Processional . . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend Stephen E. Fisher
Chorus, "Thanks Be To God" . . . . . Dickson, O'Shea
Scripture . . . . . Reverend Stephen E. Fisher
Vocal Solo—"My Task" . . . . . Ashford
Margaret McCaskill
Sermon . . . . . Reverend Paul Burt
Benediction . . . . . Reverend Stephen E. Fisher

Commencement

Thursday, June 5, 8 P. M.
High School Gymnasium

Processional . . . . . Orchestra
Invocation . . . . . Reverend J. W. Malone
Welcome . . . . . Catherine Gregory
Commencement Address . . . . . Oscar F. Weber
Assistant Professor of Education
Vocal Solo—"Lilies of Lorraine" . . . . . Grey
Eleta Dallenbach
Farewell . . . . . Robert Watson
Girls Sextet—"Springtime" . . . . . Wooler
Presentation of Diplomas . . . . . Walter Scott Monroe
Acting Dean of The College of Education
Presentation of American History Award
Representative of The Daughters of the American Revolution
Benediction . . . . . Reverend J. W. Malone

WELCOME

It is when the end of a happy experience approaches that we begin to turn retrospective eyes to the days that marked the beginning of that happiness. So it is that we, the Class of 1930, about to leave this school which has become so dear to us, are now looking over the four years of fellowship and friendship which we truly believe to be characteristic of our school.

In considering the years which we are reluctant to say farewell to tonight, we have happy memories of our awkward freshman blunders, our sophomore pride, our junior seriousness, and our senior ambition. These are the four pictures of our sojourn here—yet, the four are one. And that one picture becomes a cherished dream of a distinct part of our lives which we are about to commemorate in these services tonight.

As we think of the past our thoughts turn to the future. This occasion is a portentous one to us—leading to unknown avenues.

Unknown avenues, the challenge to youth! We begin our journey tonight with all the joy and courage of young-people looking forward to that which lies beyond. We see the avenues of life before us. One is marked "Fame." Yes, a few of us will tread this road, the highway of adventure and achievements, while the rest of us applaud. We see another avenue—one marked "Fortune," the road which leads to an abundance of this world's goods. Everyone cannot travel the roads of "Fame" and "Fortune." But stretching before us all is the beautiful avenue marked "Friendship—Service—Happiness." On this highway, we can all travel, with just the joy of living in our hearts.

We are happy to share our hopes and ambitions with you, our friends and parents, who have borne so kind an interest in our past progress. We shall endeavor to make our futures worthy both of you and our school.

In behalf of the Senior Class of 1930, I welcome you to this 9th Annual Commencement of University High School. Share with us tonight our joyous anticipation of the future!

CATHERINE GREGORY

THE CLASS WILL

As we, the Class of '30, have reached the highest position possible in a high school education before our triumphal entry into one of a larger scope, it gives us undue pleasure to present to the struggling mass of lower classmen a few of our treasured possessions.

I, Bob Bacon, bequeath my perfect line of "cuss" words to a sedate freshy.

I, Jean Bull, do, with all confidence in the receiver, will my love for walking home in A Hudson to Edith Lytle.

I, Katherine Bourne, leave my collection of books, "The Art of Speaking Spanish" to Virginia Huff.

I, Katharine Callen, will my line "have you bought your annual" to John Robert Edmonds.

I, Helen Catherwood, bequeath my musical talent to Virginia Wood.

I, Eleta Dallenbach, leave my art of making wise cracks where angels fear to tread to Dolly Carson.

I, Robert Deal, must leave Mary M. Oldham and Elinor Wilson to Clarence Tarpley.

I, Barbara Dodge, will my peculiar affinity for bare legs to Elizabeth Pickels.

I, Andrew Draper, leave my experience in navigation of the seven seas, both in story and actual life, to William Rapp.

I, Robert Gopel, bequeath my great checkered knickers and red cravat to a short "soph."

I, Catherine Gregory, wish to leave my winning smile to Robert Hursh.

I, John Gums, will my jovial expressions and sweet disposition to Dennis Houlihan.

I, Margaret Jones, will my excess of original ideas to Barbara Ruth.

I, Margaret McCaskill, bequeath my art of posing to Cornelia Burge.

I, Jack McNevin, leave my drastic diversion, divine dancing, and dominant determination to John Anderson.

I, Janet MacIntire, will my natural curiosity to Joe Wooters.

I, Josephine Malloy, bequeath my "home beauty aids" to Margaret Lehman.

I, Reva Meyers, will another "and a" to the public speaking class.

I, Theodore Newcomb, leave five lessons in flying to be given by C. A. Lindbergh to Mrs. Wilson.

I, Theodore Parmalee bequeath my artistic ability and "ex-art" knowledge of History to Dick Little.

I, Betty Provine, leave my "je ne sais pas" in French class to Sally Carnahan.

I, William Ross, will my big brown eyes to anybody who has green ones to exchange.

I, John Rothgeb, bequeath my hefty physique to Delbert Harms.

I, Jean Robertson, leave my half grown "wig" to anyone who wishes it.

I, Louise Shields, will my long eyelashes to Nita Jane Lanham.

I, Opal Smith, leave my "Palm Olive" complexion to Gladys Stout.

I, Robert Stout, bequeath my shiny Chrysler to Walter Draper.

I, Barbara Strauch, will my art of drawing profiles during French class to Marcella Clifford.

I, Preston Tuttle, leave my weakness for the Hula Hula dames of the South Sea Isles to Robert Buswell.

I, Ethel Jean Waits, do sincerely will my calming effect on the faculty to Mary Edna Colby.

I, Robert Watson, leave "My Date Book" to Charles Shepherd.

I, Evelyn Weber, hope my good "rep" with the teachers will luckily land on the cranium of Martha Smith.

I, Affra Wedding, will my "Queen of Sheba" stare to Claire Weber.

I, Frances Wessels, leave my quiet, modest, and reserve ways to Marguerite Dolch.

I, Katherine White, will my art, ability, and tact to all the junior girls. (A lucky break)!

I, Erwin Whitnah, leave my ability of being graduated prematurely by L. W. W. to Mary Jane Carter.

On the first day of June in the year of our Lord, 1930, we do firmly affix our signatures and seals to the above document; and on said date all property mentioned in said Will shall change hands without further procedure of law.

SIGNED:

KATHERINE CALLEN

JOHN GUMS

CLASS PROPHECY

It's Indian summer. The thin, fine, frosty air exhilarates and thrills one. Along a narrow road comes a man in the prime of life. He is deep in thought, bent over slightly as though alert to the farewell sounds of summer. Arriving at a crossing of roads, he stops and glances absently at the sign. A woman, coming along the intersecting road, looks at him intently. At first she is puzzled. A light of recognition flashes across her face. Approaching the man, she touches his arm and asks, "This is Mr. McNevin, I believe?"

Aroused from his dreaming, the man looks at her and bows, "I am, madam, and you—." He stares at her helplessly as he tries to recall the name.

The woman smiles, and says, "Where is your memory, Jack? It was always the best in the classes in Uni High days! Don't you remember a certain Margaret Jones?"

"What, uh, not Margie? Why how wonderful this is! Uni High was, for a moment, far from my thought. I have seen no-one in that class for a very long time, have you?"

"Not for several years," replies his friend, "But I've often thought about Preston Tuttle, and Betty Provine, and Andy Draper, and Jean Robertson. I should like to know what has happened to them."

"I should too, and I have an idea—a rather splendid idea of a way to find out. Have you heard of Mother Ursula who lives in the woods over there? She claims to know all about these things. Would you like to go with me to see her?"

"Love to, but we needn't believe her unless we want to."

Silently they start off, trying to remember the members of their old high school class. It is not long after entering the wood that they came to the witch's hut. After knocking, they enter to find the old woman studying out of a huge tome.

"Mother Ursula," Margie says, "We have come to find out about our old classmates at Uni High who graduated with us in 1930."

Mother Ursula looks slowly from her book, and answers in a thin voice, "I can tell you nothing unless you believe every word I say."

"Oh, we will," says Jack, easily.

The old witch takes, from a pocket in her cape, a round crystal. Making signs over it, she at length begins to recite the destinies of our old friends in a dull, expressionless voice:

Preston Tuttle is the new king of the South Sea Islands. You see, he went down there and so impressed the islanders by driving out the missionaries and by his amazing ideas of civilization that they took him in. The prime minister, crazed by Preston's singing, tried to assassinate him; but everything seems quiet now.

Janet Macintire was an actress in the Poseyville Musical Comedy Wonders until she came in late to rehearsal for nine times straight.

Ted Newcomb is still telling people that there aren't such things as airplane accidents and that the newspapers just write up the stories for good headline material. Between speeches, he writes to Mrs. Wilson, informing her that he stands for bigger and better battleships.

Opal Smith has returned to Sidney to educate the promising young citizens of that famous and estimable burg in the art of photography.

Bob Stout is an auto racer. He maintains that a Chrysler can beat a Lincoln any day. And when Bob drives it, it can.

Ethel Waits is a big debater. She takes the negative on every debateable question.

Helen Catherwood is preparing for a Star Course career by teaching piano and mouth-organ culture to the Siberian Eskimos.

Erwin Whitnah is the noisiest catcher in the Twilight League, and, of course, he runs a second-hand "Gent's Furnishings" on the side.

Jo Malloy is modeling dresses for the Sidney General Store. The country swains are quite taken by Jo's charms.

Margaret McCaskill is still trying to decide which of her abilities to develope. She doesn't know whether to be a Galli Curci, an Ethel Barrymore, a Suzanne Lenglen, or a simple housewife. She has plenty of chances for all, especially the latter.

Catherine Gregory is the president of a woman's college, which was established along the banks of the Yukon River for the education of half-breed Indians.

John Gums has followed up his natural qualifications and is the worst taxi driver in Chicago. He is still driving an old Studebaker with a fascinating horn.

Jean Bull now writes the lyrics for most of the "blues" songs, and works nights at Butcher and Carver's Child Clinic in the dietetics department. She has recently received the famous Eatem medal for distinguished menus.

Margaret Jones is conducting the Girl Reserve Club of Kabul, Afghanistan. Her leadership has made the club the most progressive organization in the East. Romance entered Margie's life when the Prince of Wales visited Afghanistan and fell in love with her.

Bob Bacon is a buyer for the Jos. Kuhn Co. It is reported that Bob retains his love of orange apparel and that the store has more orange shirts, socks, and sweaters than any other in Illinois.

Ted Parmelee is another easy one. Of course, he's living in Greenwich Village painting pictures in a smock and a cute little beret. He's trying to get a job painting covers for the High Life Magazine.

I can't say exactly what Barbara Dodge is doing at present. Some reports say that she is posing for a bathing-suit company, while others state that she is swimming the Sea of Okhotsk, but you may be sure that she is still collecting jewelry.

Jack McNevin makes daily trips to the insane asylum in vain attempts to sell his scenarios.

Reva Myers is the head snake-charmer of a troupe of players which has a circuit of Punkdale (she gets down to see Jack occasionally), Bugtown, Cherry Corners, Beetleburg, and Friendsville.

Kathryn Bourne is a married woman and there are nine little blondes decorating her doorstep.

Katharine Callen has given her life to a chemical occupation. She is getting real data on the effect of nicotine on English sparrows.

Bob Watson is a big hair tonic manufacturer. Bob took pity on the poor birds who were not endowed with locks like his.

Evelyn Weber has carried out her domestically-inclined career by accepting the position of chef on the "Jenny," a cattle-boat which plies back and forth across Great Salt Lake.

Dick Ensign stuffs animals for the Dodunk High School biology laboratory.

Pauline Hufford is trying to reform a particularly vicious tribe of cannibals in Madagascar—which I should consider a very uncomfortable job.

Bob Gopel is a near great. He piloted the University High School basketball team to a county championship and to the position of runner-up for the state tournament. Three cheers, sez we.

Eleta Dallenbach is making a fairly profitable living by endorsing Lemon-Squash Shampoo. You can see her titian head in most any dime novel you pick up.

Betty Provine is New York's most prominent interior decorator. At present, she is furnishing Mrs. Algernon Diddle's new country home in a most charming manner. One half is very severely modernistic, while the other is furnished with remnants of the Stone Age.

Jean Robertson is the president of the Rummage Sales Association of Armenia. You may be sure that Jean is holding down her end of the job.

Barbara Strauch is carrying on the good work by taking over a Gifte Shoppe at Quiney. Now, she is traveling in the Zulu Islands for interesting little knick-knacks with which to gyp her patrons.

Frances Wessels is making a comfortable living by clipping coupons and receiving free samples.

Bob Deal is the leader of the Mayview Pig Club.

Billy Ross is the head bell-boy at the Ritz and is receiving considerable attention from the manager because of his excellent service and infinite ambition.

Katharine White is still breaking hearts, and, we must admit, rules.

Well, you've guessed Andy Draper's fate. Andy is building a Leviathan sailboat to run the rapids of Niagara Falls. If that fails, he can get a good butler job. He looks so elegant in tails.

Ceasing to speak, the old witch puts the crystal in her pocket, and becomes absorbed in her book, without once looking up at her visitors.

"Oh, thank you," nod the two, and depart hastily with smiles on their lips and a touch of reminiseing sadness in their eyes.

JEAN BULL, MARGARET JONES, JACK MCNEVIN

HATCHET ORATION

We meet tonight in solemn council for the passing of the Hatchet, an act symbolic of the passing of the senior class of University High School and of the assuming of responsibility by the juniors.

We, the tribe of '30, having worked here for four long years, must now prepare to pass on into the land across the Boneyard. Many Autumns ago we started our labors in this wigwam and now stand as mighty warriors, tried by fire against that age old tribe called "Faculty." In these years we have attempted to copy the greatest of the warriors ere they crossed the rushing Boneyard and passed into that land called University.

For three winters we have watched you juniors. Long ago, as timid freshmen, afraid of those elder, fiercer sophomores, you came into this camp. Then we speculated as to who would be the up and coming of you. As juniors we watched you struggle, trying to discipline the freshmen. You were only little sophomores needing help from the class of '30.

Now that you seem to be quite competent, able and wise in all your judgments, we consider you as members of this. mightiest of councils, capable of

assuming all the cares and worries which haunt a senior. We therefore feel that we now may pass happily into that land across the Boneyard.

Late last spring the passing seniors, members of the tribe of '29, gave into our care a rusty Hatchet, nicked and scarred from many conflicts, but with blade still sharp despite hard usage. Now in passing it to you we must leave some last directions. Use it wisely, don't fare forth to needless combat. Use it to uphold your rights as seniors. Use it to protect the freshmen from the wild and woolly sophomores. Use it to pound some wisdom into the pates of unwilling students. Lastly and most important, don't chop up the Library furniture else sachem Lewis, decked out in his fiery war-paint may have pow wow, in his office, with the members of the class of '31.

THEODORE PARMELEE, '30

JUNIOR RESPONSE

Many times this traditional ceremony has been enacted, and yet you would not have remembered this fact had I not recalled it to your minds. Even now you will not remember the content of previous replies to the Hatchet Oration. "Why then," may I ask, "should other thoughts be added to this forgotten group?" My answer is that it is tradition. I add my words, hoping that they will be remembered by sound and that I may express the thoughts and feelings of my classmates.

In behalf of the junior class, I accept from the senior class the Hatchet, the symbol of power. Now that we, the junior class, possess this power, we shall use it to influence the attitude of the school upon many questions. Even though we did not choose to use our influence, our actions would be the expression of our opinions upon these questions. Truly, it is a weighty responsibility which the senior class has placed upon us.

Depending upon our ability in achieving the ends we desire to attain, we shall merit the scorn of approbation of those about us. Whether we shall succeed we do not know; but we do know that we will conscientiously endeavor to scale the lofty peaks of our ideal. Our way will be rough, but we have the Hatchet, symbol of power, to give us strength.

It is with this attitude that we accept the Hatchet and begin our climb. This is the beginning. May we succeed!

J. M. ANDERSON '31

FAREWELL ADDRESS

The hour is fast approaching when we seniors are to receive our diplomas. We are to be graduated.

For the last time as seniors, we look through our memory book. On the first page we find our entry as freshmen students into University High School. In the subsequent pages we find day after day, week after week of hard studying all tending toward this goal, graduation. Through all these pages we discover suggestions put there by the teachers—suggestions to help us out of difficulties, to hold us on the right track. These relieve the pages of their monotony; put a little spice, a little variety, into them. Some of the comments are, perhaps, critical, but always friendly.

But scattered through the book, a page here and a page there, we note experiences other than work—we note pleasures. On one page we have recorded the parties: our first attempt in our freshman year and other attempts. One page is marked "Candy Sales"—that is enough to bring back the good times we had during the junior year, selling candy to meet our expenses. Another page shows us the plays in all their grandeur, including our final effort, "Duley." Many other experiences are recalled for us as we turn the leaves of our memory book.

On one of the last pages, we read an account of the new high school gymnasium. We find that we are to use it for the first time for our commencement program. We realize and appreciate the honor we have in the first use of the building; but the succeeding classes will fully appreciate the complete value of it.

From the very last page of our memory book, we read our graduation program. High school has been one volume in our education, and it is now complete. We close the book and begin plans for the next volume. At the end of four more years, some of us may be closing this next volume on four years of college; and others may be closing it on four years of hard labor in the work-a-day world. In either case, these pages will reflect an endless hunt for knowledge. Some may doubt this statement; but whether we are studying books, or working in the business world, are we not looking for knowledge? There is but a distinction between knowledge and education.

Volume one of our memory book is closed, but closed to be remembered by us for a long time. We bid you—Uni High—teachers and fellow schoolmates—FAREWELL.

ROBERT WATSON

" 'Tis not in mortals to command success, but we'll do more Semphronous, we'll deserve it.

CATA ADDISON

JUNIOR CLASS POEM

When first we came to Uni High as freshmen, small
and meek and shy,
We looked with awe and gazed in wonder
At the splendors; and we pondered
On the sophomores, juniors, seniors,
And the grave and sober teachers.
We squelched our spirits and our questions,
For before us ran the fountain
To immerse the naughty freshmen.

When as sophomores we returned
With all our freshmen habits spurned,
We scarcely even deigned to look
Upon this haughty hall of books;
We went our way and studied hard
Looking forward to our card,
Took on airs and snubbed the freshmen
Condescended to answer questions.

Now as juniors proud are we,
Busy as the proverbial bee
With the upperclassmen rank,
And our funds are in the bank
Waiting for our dinner dance
Where our speakers take a chance and foresee
Our seniors as they are to be.

When as seniors we become,
We'll strive to make this old school hum.
We'll do things as they should be done,
For we're the class of '31.
And when we reach the nearing goal,
After carefully paying toll,
We'll take the prize so dearly won
The class of '31.

ELIZABETH PICKELS '31

FROM DUCKLINGS TO SWANS

Perhaps from your childhood days you remember the tale of "The Ugly Duckling." I am often reminded of this story when I think of the Class of '31.

Do you recall the beginning of the Ugly Duckling? How it was born, and how it grew with *great* hopes for its future. Of course it was a scraggly, homely little creature at that time, but what did it matter, when perhaps tomorrow or at *least* very soon its looks would improve?

Years ago when we, the class of '31, were but freshmen, we too, had great hopes of our future. We realized that we were but a small, unconvincing body, but—Oh! our hopes of what we were to become! And, as did the Ugly Duckling, we struggled on day after day 'til our first year had passed. And the next fall we felt, "Now has come our day; we are truly great!" But no, just as the Ugly Duckling, we were doomed to disappointment. There were greater personages who demanded attention, we were still underclassmen, still the duckling instead of the swan. Our hopes continued to burn, but perhaps a little feebler.

And now, you remember, do you not, how one day the duckling was *ever* so discouraged and was floating along on top of the crystal-like green waters. She heard that a newcomer, a swan, had arrived and the other birds were praising her. The duckling thought how grand it must be to be admired. A little breeze blew across the waters, which in turn tapped the duckling gently on the back. She glanced down into the depths of the waters and behold! there was a beautiful swan.

The duckling looked again, not daring to believe her eyes, but, yes, a miracle had happened—a fulfillment of a dream—the duckling had become a swan!

So the class of '31 entered school in the fall of '29. Suddenly we too, felt the atmosphere around us was different. Suddenly we were important people.

The incident that marked the change of the duckling class into the swan, was the night of the junior stunt show. We displayed our talent, skill, wit, and good looks with grace a swan would envy!

ELINOR WILSON

SOPHOMORE CLASS POEM

I'm writing of the finest class
that ever read a book.
Upon the sophomore class,
I pray you take a look.
'Tis true we are a *little class*—
of numbers we won't speak,
But if you're hunting for the best,
you need no further seek.

Of course there are the freshmen,
whose ears they say are big,
And then there are the juniors,
who sing and dance a jig.
The seniors, if you know them,
you know ttheir mouths are large,
But the Sophomores are O. K.,
and you can't dispute the charge.

Oh, we are the sophomores,
the monarchs of school are we,
The freshmen quail, their weak hearts fail,
when our band of fifteen they see.
The juniors may chant of their glorious class,
the seniors may bid us adore,
But the prize of the school, and class born to rule,
is the glorious Sophomores.

BARBARA RUTH '32

SOPHOMORE CLASS HISTORY

"Why, hello, I haven't seen you for three long months. Oh say, kid, have you seen those funny looking freshmen? Have you seen that new senior? Izzen-ee simply darlin'? I think so."

This was a typical speech of the sophomores at the first of this year. After the boys had quieted down and the girls (some girls) had finished lamenting the loss of Clarence Thomson, we elected officers.

Marcella Clifford was elected to the presidency.

"The meeting will now come to order."

The vice-president we chose was Gladys Stout.

"I don't know honey. You will have to ask someone else." Cornelia Burge came blustering in just in time to take the office of secretary.

"I'm sorry, but the minutes of the last meeting aren't written up yet."

Robert Little was elected to the office of treasurer.

"My dear, I do wish that those slow-poky sophomores would pay their dues."

The historian was, unfortunately, drafted instead of elected.

Under new management we put on our annual party. The curtain went up on Saint Valentine's day. Preston Tuttle received a rat as a token of good will from the sophomore class, and every one exchanged valentines. The eats were very good to look at. After all this night of gayety and frivolity we got back to the old grind.

"If all the world's a stage, we're the stage hands."

WALTER DRAPER '32

FRESHMAN CLASS POEM

I am the old school building,
Where Uni High students go
To get their education,
And study, and learn, and grow.
Freshmen, sophomores, juniors and seniors
All lined up in a row,
From the oldest down to the youngest,
Of them all you surely must know.
I love best the green young freshmen
of '29 and '30, so
I'll tell you of their adventures.
Now listen, if you would know.

They started out quite bravely
Thirty and seven strong.

It was their aim to disprove the name
Of Greenhorns, all along.
Small Lewis was chosen captain,
And Hutchinson was his mate.
With Wooters along as Treasurer,
They sailed right on in state.
They went out for sports and dramatics
To help the old school along.
And for dear old Uni High, they
Battled bravely and long.
Their party was set to be May day
So they wouldn't be April fools
And nobody minded, but really,
It wasn't so terribly cool.
Now you've heard the History of Freshies
Of '29 and '30, so
I will take my leave of you now
And you'll not be bored any moe.

MARY BAIN LEHMAN '33

THE FRESHMEN CLASS HISTORY

On September 9, 1929, thirty-seven frightened freshmen tiptoed through the halls of Uni High for the first time. We peeped into the office. There sat Mr. Williams looking very stern indeed. How scared we were! We went to our first class, Latin, where Miss Boysen soon made us feel quite at ease. We could almost smile. Then we went to algebra, and there our enthusiasm for Uni High really began. After English we were convinced there could be but one high school for us.

Just to show the juniors and sophomores that we had real boys in our class, we elected Warren Lewis, president; John Hutchinson, vice-president; and Joe Wooters, secretary-treasurer. We chose Miss Hendrix and Miss Jacoby for our advisers.

The fact that all of our officers were boys did not mean that we had a scarcity of girls, for we had plenty; and we have proved this by being among the most active in both the Girl Reserves and the Thimble Theatre Guild.

Early in the fall, we had a paper drive, and from its proceeds we gave two parties, for freshmen only.

The first part of May, we have planned to have our big school party. If everything goes as we anticipate, it should be the best party of the year.

GEORGIALEE BULL '33

UNI HIGH STARS OF 1930
IN FOUR ACTS

I. "Some are born great."	Martha Callen and Wilburt Ham, Freshmen
II. "Some	Gladys Stout and Walt Draper, Sophomores
III. achieve greatness	Virginia Wood and Mel Combs, Juniors
IV. "Some have greatness thrust upon them."	Eleta Dallenbach and Ted Parmelee, Seniors

LITERARY

SCRIPT AND SCENARIO
ACT I, SCENE II, PAGE——

A beaming old negress leaned against the back fence of a stately old house in an artistocratic section of a southern town. She was watching another negress working in the garden. Finally her friend caught sight of her and hobbled excitedly to the fence, her mouth half open to take in wind before she started to talk.

"Well, hello dar Mandy! How be you, t'day? That thar gahden, sho' looks gran'. Did you all heah de news f'om outen our house?" she greeted her friend.

Answered by a laconic nod in the negative, she hurried on.

"An' ah means to say deh beese supin' Mandy. Dat Marse Rogers fell in de ribber agin' an' would a drowneded sarten hadna' my Hard Times a' seen him an' a drag him out. Ah do declah' that fambly otta watch out fo' them chilluns, they'll all be daid befoh theh ole mammy."

"Lawd, help us in dis predicamen'! Such a gran' fambly a' han'some chillun, an they's all so reckless with thethsells. With all yo' bad news yo' was magin' me plum' fergit w'at it was ah had to tell you', of de latest. Mis' Patricia was at a ball las' night. The very gran'nest kin' of ball. A pe'fect angel she was when she was all ready to go."

"My lan'! Does they all grow up! Ah wish to Lawd them chillun a' mine would get ole enough to stay outa' de ribbers."

"An ah guess yo' do! But ah mus' be getting' in fo' the missus is havin' tea fo' the new neighbors nex' do'—right respec'ful, ah heah, with plenty a' money.

"Well, we mus' finish this talkin' anothah time fo' we nevah did get aroun' to de othah famblies in town."

Both loyal servants turned from the back fence to their respective duties with a feeling of accomplishment and dignity in their knowledge of affairs.

Lying indolently in a hammock, some little distance from the place lay "Mis' Patricia." With an affectionate grin of amusement she watched the important figures blend into the darkness within the doors. What dear souls they were! Then her intelligent glance fell caressingly on a volume of Shakespeare lying beside her and her face became srious. Picking it up reverently she opened it to the place where she had left off.

She looked up into the rustling leaves, her eyes brightened with amusement, and the corners of her mouth twitched. She had read this: "What great ones do the less will prattle of." How well Shakespeare knew his people!

MARGARET JONES '30

DREAMS

Life is worth only the dreams we dream,
Dreams that are glowing and golden,
That build up highest hopes,
That crumble into nothing.

Life is worthy only the dreams we dream,
What does it matter that they flash
Up in a moment's time,
Then glimmer into nothing and are gone?

CATHERINE GREGORY, '30

A FEW FANATICS

Interesting people are not difficult to find—as a matter of fact, all people are interesting—to someone; but certainly the most unusual persons I have met thus far were traveling companions of mine on a bus trip.

As a reward for my tardy arrival at the station, I was forced to cramp my anatomy into a seat which was at the time jointly occupied by a "pipe" and a queer appearing gentleman munching a monstrous apple.

I refer to one of my "breeze insulators" as a "pipe" because the huge pacifier completely dwarfed the weather-beaten nicotine-addict behind it. The smoke, which belched forth from the crater-like bowl of the pipe and from the toothless aperture of its owner, created an atmosphere chokingly reminiscent of the interior of a coal-gas storage tank.

The other wall of my narrow world was a short, untidy man, dressed in some manner of museum piece, the trousers of which were constructed in a fashion as to cause the crotch to drape gracefully about the wearer's knees. The hair on my neighbor's face and head was growing so abundantly, that if it had been cut and sold, a panic in the brush market would have resulted. Picture this: a walking smoke menace on one side and a cartoonist's conception of a bolshevik on the other.

I hadn't completely adjusted myself when my furry friend commenced to discourse upon the aged subject of religion. He used excellent English; and, because of the oddness of it all, and because of his personality, which appeared in spite of his facial decorations, I listened.

"My boy, when do you observe the Sabbath?"

"Don't let him get started again," interrupted Pipie in a wheezy voice.

"Won't you help yourself to a stick of gum?" I pleaded, trying to avoid trouble and to institute a prolonged pause in the smoke making. The smoker replied by refilling his instrument.

"—and how about you? Won't you have some?" My religious companion looked at me a moment, and then said sternly,

"No, I eat only fruit"—I stared out of the window trying to catch a glimpse of the mountains I had learned to like so well. Several moments later we passed the most beautiful girl I have ever seen so far from the city. Pipie and my furry friend, roused to a state of observance by my acrobatic efforts to turn around, looked also. The girl waved; I am not sure to whom; for after she was out of sight, I realized the presence of three heads peering at some vanished object far back on the road.

"Purty Gal——sure good lookin'," Pipie drawled. My other friend looked directly at me for several seconds; then in a far-away voice said:

"Young man, go straight—go straight; that is the only way to live—go straight!" I believe I blushed—.

Pipie gave a grunt of disapproval, spat echoingly to windward, settled back in the seat, and successfully enacted the role of an erupting volcano. At the next stop he made his departure. His vacancy was filled by a tow-headed, snaggle-toothed "cow-youth," whose head had been fashioned after a circle. I soon discovered that to verify his possession of the mentality of a "Half-wit" would, indeed, be flattery.

In time this sorry example of a western "cow-boy" left—then my religious friend departed—and at last I found myself at the end of my journey.

PRESTON TUTTLE '30

SAILING DOWN

The winding, widening stream of life
Looks bright to us in gladsome youth,
As joyously we sail along,
Safe-guided by the hand of truth.
We pluck the flowers that lean above
The silvery-spangled, starry stream;
We catch the bubbles rainbow-dyed
And careless onward sail and dream.

But when we've gone far down the stream,
And bright blue skies are clouded o'er,
When time has mingled tears with joys,
And distant seemed each flowery shore;
When all around are rocky reefs,
False lights of guile and sin are set;
When tired sailors drop their oars,
And tears will come and rain regret.

Then glad we'd turn our barks about,
If downward tides were not so rude,
And struggling seek the calmer waves,
And olden, joyous solitude,
Where castles rose on every cloud,
And all the isles with gems were starred,
Where gates of wondrous shining gold
The magic touch of youth unbarred.

Alas! no bark goes up Time's stream,
But all are ceaselessly sailing down;
The Fount of Youth was but a dream,
Where weak man thought his cares to drown;
To lay aside his joyless years,
And take up Youth's sweet hopes once more,
And gather Love's bright flowers that grow
Along the music-echoing shore.

But joy! When bars and breakers crossed,
We draw a-near the widening sea—
When trembling hands lay down the oars,
And barks glide on with sails set free—
Faith sees a beauteous land beyond,
Ablaze with sunsets golden gleam.
Then tired hearts would not turn back,
Nor sail again the rugged stream.

NITAJANE LANHAM '31

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY

A QUEST

I had taken out my life insurance an hour before ten o'clock. At ten thirty I was choosing my means of defense.

A hush seemed to prevail over all. Was it my imagination? I seized my weapon in my left hand, raised it to a forty degree angle, placed by left foot forward, then started. I dodged first to the right, then to the left, but I was conquered. My small left toe was smashed. I hurriedly retreated into Tiffany's only to find that I had lost my weapon. Oh, there it was reposing in the middle of the street. I gave a newspaper boy a quarter to retrieve my umbrella; then I decided to call it a day. I realized shopping in New York was not what I had before thought it was. It was not a pleasure but a tribulation.

BARBARA DODGE '30

FOOL'S LOVE

The fool's head sank on his arms. The silver bells on his cap jangled as his body shook hysterically. With long, white fingers he pressed a crushed rose to his lips. It was a creamy white rose with silver veins. He raised his head and in the pale eyes there was a mad brightness. With a movement of his arm he swept the mocking, winking candle from the table. As it sputtered and went out, the fool dropped his head on his arms.

* * * * * *

He had seen her for the first time when the gay sound of the hunting horns called her and her lord to the forest. She had smiled at him; but then, she smiled at others, too. He, on his ridiculous little donkey, had ridden by her side, admiring and adoring every feature of her lovely face—every movement of her lissome body. He had plucked for her a yellow daisy which she had placed in her black hair. How very white were her teeth when she smiled! Then, my lord, bending gracefully in his saddle, had picked another daisy, and presented it with a magnificent bow and a sparkling laugh to his lady. The fool had watched her take his flower from her hair and replace it with that of her lord. Then she had listlessly dropped it under the horse's hoofs where it had been trampled into the turf. Something within him snapped as he turned his ambling donkey toward the castle.

That very morning, when she and her lord had gone to the garden, he had stolen after them. Ah, how divinely, wonderfully beautiful she was! She was clad in pink and silver. Her skin was very white, and her hair was very black, while her great brown eyes reminded him of pieces of shining silk. She had pulled a white rose from its vine, kissed it with her soft, red lips, and flung it to his lord who caught it with a magnificent bow. His lord always bowed. Later, he, the fool, had discovered that same rose in his lord's chamber. He had run into the garden, picked another, and exchanged it with the one he coveted.

* * * * * *

His body quivering, he stared exultantly at the flower in his hands. As he pressed it to his lips a treacherous thorn stabbed his face and a drop of blood

fell on the white pureness of the rose. The fool shuddered. The bells in his pied cap whispered. His limp body slumped to the floor.

JEAN BULL '30

FAREWELL TO SCHOOLDAYS

"Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, 'till it be morrow."

Our four years at Uni High
Have been most happy years.
With life and joy, each girl and boy
Went to his task with willingness.

Our work was long and hard
And took our utmost strength.
But always glad with all we had,
We gave our help with happiness.

And now we are to part,
To start on life's highway.
Good-by school days with foolish ways.
College we greet with eagerness.

BETTY PROVINE '30

REVENGE

"And deeper than did ever plummet sound I'll sink my book."
The Tempest, SHAKESPEARE (Solem music)

The more I think of it, the better I like the idea. It's good riddance of bad rubbish and you can thank old Prospero for the idea. I have always been at a loss to know an appropriate final resting place for a school book, especially if it is an exceedingly distasteful one such as a mathematics text or an English IV "Story Essay and Verse." The story part is O. K., but the Essays—words fail me and I cannot express myself.

Last year I did a pretty good job of demolishing a solid geometry text. I took it to the fourth floor of our noble building and dropped it into space (the space terminated in the first floor). It was a third hand book and I, having bought it for a whole quarter, expected it to make a decent showing as it descended, but alas, it fell to pieces on the way down—between the second and third floors to be exact. Loose pages filled the air and all that remained intact

were the two covers. It was all such a waste of energy for the little joy derived from the sight of it falling four floors in four seconds.

I have reached the decision that Prospero's idea is pretty good as the performance of that geometry book was not very creditable for such a solid subject. If I drop my English book into the Boneyard, I won't have the joyous task of picking up what was a book. Instead, all I shall have to do is to watch the green-covered book go floating off down the stream, the water gradually covering it, and the pages of "The Evolution of a Gentleman" and "The Author Himself" will become soggy and unintelligible masses of print. After the book has finally disappeared beneath some swirl of rushing water, I will go off down Mathews Street whistling, for Exams will be over.

THEODORE PARMELEE '30

A PICTURE OF YOU

Picture *Kenny Chase* not being late.
Picture *Walter Enger* with a female mate.
Picture *Suds Dunn* passing a quiz.
Picture *Doric E.* refusing a soda fizz.
Picture *Barbara Knipp* acting a fool.
Picture *John Anderson* breaking a rule.
Picture fair *Elinor* alone in a city.
Picture *M. Margaret* saying something witty,
Picture a *Freshman* with any authority.
Picture *Elizabeth Pickles* agreeing with the majority.
Picture *Mel Combs* wearing a number three shoe,
Picture *Dolly Carson* with no one to do.
Picture *Martha Smith* an exalted saint—
But these are all pictures no artist can paint.

NITA JANE LANHAM '31

ONE MINUTE

The vast stadium is filled with a boisterous, laughing Homecoming crowd. People are shouting, clapping, stamping, and talking loudly among themselves. Girls wear crisp, yellow chrysanthemums in the collars of their fur coats. Boys sport arm-bands and bright Homecoming badges. Color and gaiety pervade the atmosphere.

Below, on the green field, are the players—running, rolling, and kicking the balls. One eleven wears the blue jerseys and pumpkin-colored helmets of Illinois. The other is dressed in the blue jerseys and blue-black helmets of Michigan. They are looking each other over speculatively. The coaches go

out for their last words before the game. The players, helmets off, digging their cleats into the turf, listen eagerly and intently.

Then five men, one bearing a silver trumpet, walk slowly out to the center of the field. The trumpeter faces the north and raises his instrument to his lips. The crowd rises and stands in silence as the bugler, in high, thin notes, blows "Taps." The silken flag slowly ascends the flagpole; there is perfect stillness. Fifty-five thousand people are thinking of one thing—the tall, white pillars in the Colonnade.

The flag ripples at full mast. The bugler retreats. Fifty-five thousand people are talking of everything. The spell is broken.

JEAN BULL '30

ON THE DEATH OF A DOG

I parted with a comrade dear today,
A shaggy friend, the most beloved of all;
Companion of my walks, so brisk and gay,
No longer bounds in answer to my call.
In rain or sun my playmate in all fun,
She romped and played with all her gentle might,
Accompanied me on errands to be done,
Protector of my home throughout the night.
The faithful dog, most loving friend of man,
Whose gentle eyes with deep devotion shine,
He understands man's ways as best he can,
Asks only for our love, your own and mine;
Within his loyal heart forever burns
The trusting love which he to us returns.

MARTHA H. RUSK '31

LIFE'S DRAMA

The curtain rises on the "universal" stage;
The overture is one of nature's melodies—a harmony of wind-tossed leaves, and twittering birds and humming bees.
The drama is in four stupendous acts—
Act 1—Childhood, with its happy days, its small griefs, and its tender cares;
Act 2—Youth, in all its glory of high hopes, and trials, and loves;
Act 3—Manhood, the crisis and the climax of the play;
Act 4—The "resolution" of a human life;
The Finale—with no curtain calls.
The underlying theme—"Our world's a stage, and we are actors on it."

CATHERINE GREGORY '30

OUR FOUR STAR WINNERS
CHAMPAIGN COUNTY

LITERARY CONTEST

Extempore—Preston Tuttle, *First*
Oration—Clarenee Tarpley, *Second*

MUSIC CONTEST

Chorus—Girls' Glee Club, *Third*
Solo—Eleta Dallenbach, *Third*

ATHLETIC CONTEST
Broad Jump—Philip Reichman, *Third*

Illinois Commercial Contests

Class A Schools, Typing

Distriet Contest—April 26—Champaign

Team—*First*
Margaret Lehmann
Charlotte Tuttle
Rex Neweomb
Evelyn Weber

Individual—*First*
Margaret Lehmann

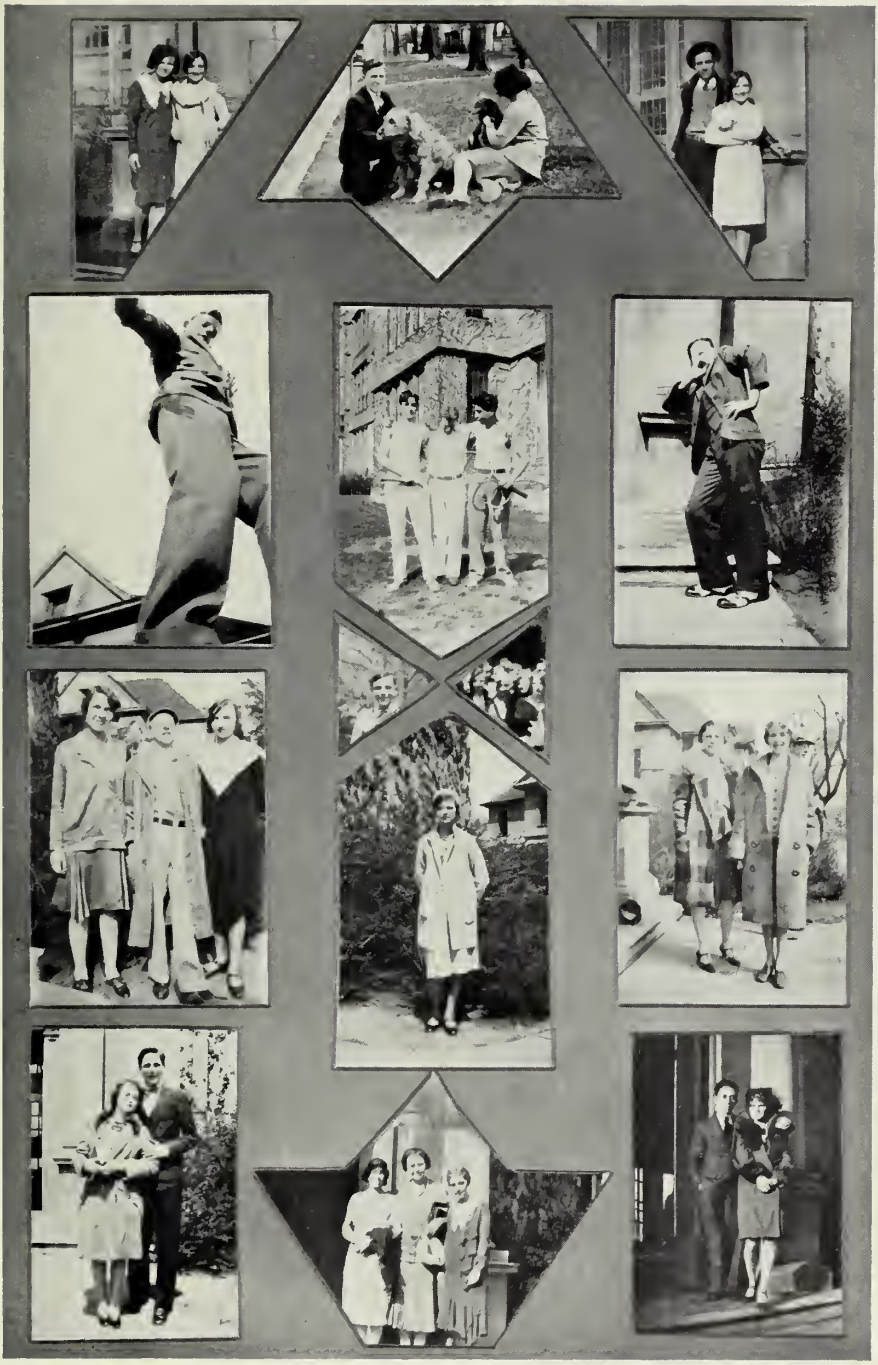
Seetional Contest—May 10—Mattoon
Team—*First*

Individual—*First*
Margaret Lehmann

State Contest—May 17—Normal

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

—POPE



CALENDAR

September 1929

9th—Here we are back to dear old Uni High. Here's hoping that we don't lose all that hard earned sun tan that we worked so hard to acquire.

12th—Mr. Harvey tells his first stale joke. He probably heard the three new ones during the vacation.

16th—A little bird seeks refuge in the library. The General Science class goes wild. The little bird goes into the net.

19th—The Dramatic Club becomes animated.

24th—John Rothgeb says that Preston Tuttle has more nerve than a decayed tooth.

29th—Preston has two white mice.

October 1929

10th—In Algebra class, Rex, hearing the throaty cries of the interurban, successfully responds with husky shouts, "Fresh! Fresh!—Feesh! Feesh!"

15th—We had an assembly today. It was very interesting due to the effort of Mr. Cox who gave us a travel talk. Do you remember how he pronounced the word sheik? Sheikh (Shake).

23rd—We are very, very fortunate in having so many absorbing assemblies. Professor Goble from the College of Law gave us a talk on "Laws Everybody Should Know." In speaking of contracts he asked the question, "What do you promise upon entering a street car?" Barbara Strauch made the bright rebark, "I promise to get off." Don't forget that we are all infants.

25th—There was a Matinee Hop given by the illustrious juniors today, but where were the boys?

31st—Mr. Harnish, "What's tthe difference between hard soap and soft soap, Doris?" Doris, of course, distinguished herself by answering, "One's soft and the other's hard, isn't it Mel?"

November 1929

1st—On Friday was the Senior Class Party for Hallowe'en. We fully agree with Catherine about the rummage.

3rd—I bet you can't guess who said this: "Watch that bulletin board! Running in the halls must stop. Return your grade cards before Monday—do not make it necessary for me to send you home for them. Remember, THE DEAD LINE IS MONDAY!

5th—Big assembly this afternoon. Mebbe there's a surprise for us—who can tell? The students can't.

6th—Assembly was a surprise. It was good. It was in the old Ag. building. Professor Van Cleave gave a splendid talk on "Birds of our Community," which was illustrated by beautiful, colored lantern slides.

7th—Girl Reserve Good Fellowship Banquet was held in the McKinley Foundation. Do you remember a certain famliiar speech which runs like this? "We want the largest attendance from Uni High that there has ever been, girls!"

21st—Dr. Parr, professor of chemistry of the University of Illinois, gave us an excellent speech. We were told how to make some good substantial leather by "adding some castor oil to some other oil, place on canvass to dry and then you have a nice cowhide."

15th—The Junior Stunt Show was a great success. Rex is some fighter, professionally and otherwise. Mostly otherwise. The girls, strange to relate, modeled their own wardrobe rather well.

27th—Miss McHarry gives an assembly for Thanksgiving. "It is beyond the power of words and even punctuation marks to express our enthusiasm over the inauguration of five-minute-periods." (Taken from the Student Stampede as an example of irony).

28th—The juniors gave their class party last night and "A good time was had by all." Did you notice that pianist?

30th—Jack McNevin was heard to say that he wished he could fumigate Eleta Dallenbach's rummage because her little sister had the whooping cough, which prohibited Jack from securing "old rags" from Dallenbach's.

December 1929

3rd—Imagine Bob Deal washing dishes at the Pi Phi House. Miracles are still prevalent.

8th—Let me see—how many more days before Christmas? Gosh, just so many more. It's cold today, which accounts for Mr. Harvey's sprinting into the front door because as he says, "The cold weather makes a fat man vigorous."

14th—Dramatic Evening was very clever as well as amusing. Such marvelous acting and appropriate choice of plays.

19th—Student assembly, hurray! Preston Tuttle tells of the South Sea Islands; be careful, Preston. Helen Danda is excellent in her little dramatic character sketch of a country school teacher.

20th—Preston presents Miss McHarry with a white rat for a Xmas present which she receives with her usual "enthusiasticness" by exclaiming, "Take it away! Take it away!"

21st—Preston has twenty white mice, now. Courage, Preston. More to come.

22nd—Barbara Dodge demonstrates her flimsy, infantile sneeze "—like a gentle, summer zepher."

23rd—The date of the printing of the last edition of that "cute" little paper, "The Tiny Illini." Merry Christmas!

January 1930

12th—Santa Claus is back at the North Pole again. Everyone is sporting something new and sparkling.

10th—Ethel Jean seems to have left her complexion on the train.

21st—In chemistry, Whitnah asked if Bay Rum is good for the hair. Mr. Harnish's scalp registered reflection a moment, then he said, "I couldn't say as to that."

24th—Final exams today—and more coming!

26th—More exams! It's a terrible life if you don't weaken!

27th—The last day of exams—what a joy for those of us who have never learned to write an exam.

February 1930

3rd—This would be blue Monday if the juniors weren't selling candy.

11th—Preston has seventy white mice. He says their creed is, "A litter a day keeps race suicide away."

19th—Buy your annual now! The senior class is hard up! Our greatest buy word is money! Money!

26th—Virginia Wood runs down the corridor singing, "I'm a little prairie flower, growing wilder every hour!"—Who will doubt that?

14th—The sophomores successfully entertain the school with a splendid Valentine party.

March 1930

11th—Plans are being made for the selection of the Senior Class Play. "Some people are going to feel that they aren't being appreciated if they aren't given a part."

20th—Vernon Sutton loses his dignity today . . . He doesn't trust suspenders any more.

26th—Class meetings today. The seniors are having a big controversy over the issuing of the annual. Bring your $1.50 or there "ain't gonta be no annual, will it?" (My English teacher isn't responsible for my choice of select grammar, I assure you).

30th—Nothing happened today. Something should have.

April 1930

2nd—Bob Bacon presents Ethel Jean with some itching powder via the back of the neck. Ethel Jean Reimburses Boistrous Bacon—and—oh, my!

4th—SCANDAL: "Gordie" and "Duley" decide that tennis and hockey are more engrossing than school. Mr. Williams causes them to conclude the contrary.

5th—The Senior Class Play was held this evening in our illustrious auditorium. Miss Stutzman certainly showed her ability as an excellent director in the most finished production of "Duley." Did Preston pretend to kiss Margaret, or was that a bit of Mr. Tuttle's realistic acting?

16th—Are you a "Languid Lunacite?" Then go without your neck-tie, your stockings, your coat, be original!

22nd—Easter Vacation is over. Of course that isn't news. Don't get huffy about it. Miss Stutzman's Easter Bunny laid her a new car!

30th—Uni High wins second in the Literary contest! Preston took first in the extempore, and Clarence Trapley won second place in the oration.

May 1930

2nd—The mighty four-man track terrors of Uni High wish to forget the County Meet even though Phil Reichman placed third in the broad-jump.

6th—There are a bunch of "Lunacites" in the school today. There are long-haired girls, tieless boys, a pair of "Bon dieu" pants (or Freedom pants), a lot of noise, some astonished observers, and the faculty.

9th—The U and I was "stuck" together last night, and the freshmen had their school party last night. We rushed hard last night till we wished that last night was not last night.

10th—The Typing Team tickled the typewriters in such a tremendous fashion as to win the County and District meets. They go to the state contest next. Incidentally Margaret Lehmann took first in the individuals again.

15th—Jean Bull informs Preston that he is terribly conceited. Preston swears he's going to give her a rat and then run away to the South Seas.

16th—On . . . . . But here I shall get ahead of my facts.

ELETA DALLENBACH, '30

OUR OLD FRIENDS GREET US

Genevieve Duguid Foster writes us from 9701 Lamont Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio:

"It would be far pleasanter to greet all of you in the halls or classrooms of Uni High than in the pages of the U and I, yet I appreciate this chance to send my greetings. I want to remind you that I am living in Cleveland. If any of you are ever in the city, I should be glad indeed to see you, and to be assured that all is going well at Uni High. I am enjoying greatly my new home, new friends, and new activities, yet I'm sure I shall never find housekeeping so diverting that I shall forget old friends at Uni High."

From 2508 Park Avenue, Cairo, Illinois, we hear from Edith Swander Alter:

"Mr. Alter and I send to the Class of 1930 our congratulations on this, your first flight taken successfully. You may rest assured that whatever routes you, as individuals, decide to take, or to whatever heights you soar, our hopes and best wishes will go with you.

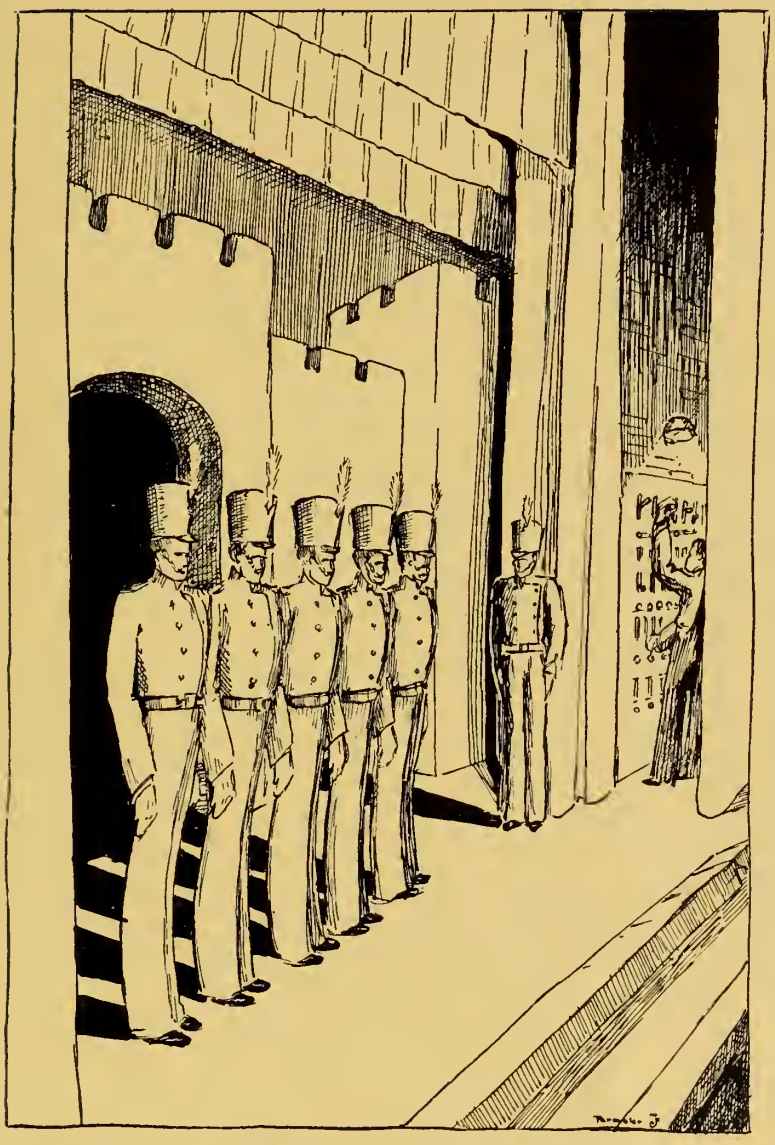
"We hold your class with an especial fondness, I think, because yours was the last class which I had at Uni High and the next to the last which Mr. Alter had. When we talk of individuals there, we think of you, the last freshmen we had in common. Mr. Alter is finishing successfully his second year as the principal of Cairo High School. Our Bobby, who is now fourteen months old, has been the busiest of us all, for he has had the strenuous task of learning to walk and talk. As for me, although I frequently play at bridge at the Woman's Club, my heaviest work and my greatest pleasures have come in caring for the needs of my family and in home-making generally."

Lena A. Foley sends us news from LaGrande, Oregon:

"Life in a new Normal school in a small town in eastern Oregon is rather different from that at Uni High, but equally busy. If regular classes in speech or English are not in session, then producing a play or an assembly program is the alternative.

"In our few spare moments we climb into the "Limited" (our brand new Ford) and see Oregon. This is a real treat for scenic Oregon is infinite in variety—sage brush-covered hills, miles and miles of rolling, checkered wheat fields, forests of great yellow pine, rugged, snow-clad mountains, brisk mountain streams, lakes nestled in gorgeously colored foothills.

"But all this beauty does not eclipse my very pleasant memories of my good friends at Uni High. I wish you luck."



ORGANIZATIONS

THE THIMBLE THEATRE GUILD

The Thimble Theatre Guild marched triumphantly through another successful year. Under its ambitious president, Preston Tuttle, the club has achieved recognition throughout the school. The first semester included a Dramatic Evening in which three one-act plays were presented: "The Valiant," which starred Richard Hoffman, Margaret Jones, Bob Watson, Walter Bentrup and John Gums; "Rosalie," in which Marguerite Dolch, Marcella Clifford, and Jack McNevin played; and "The Far-Away Princess," which starred Margaret Jane McCaskill, Preston Tuttle, Elinor Wilson, Barbara Strauch, Edith Lytle, Elizabeth Pickels, Ellen Schnebly and Mary Jane Carter. All three were well presented and added one more banner to our Guild. At our various club meetings, zestful programs were presented by enthusiastic participants. We gave a Christmas Party before the holidays, at which Preston presented Miss McHarry with one of his famous white mice. The latter was duly accepted, but changed owners without delay. Many of our members have held important roles in the junior and senior plays. With one grand flourish, we, the Guild of 1930, fold our banners.

HI-Y CLUB

The Hi-Y Club under Rex Newcomb, its president, has been quite active this year. "To create, maintain, and establish, throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character" is the Hi-Y motto, and from its various activities in school, the club is well on the way to realize this goal. During the year the club has had various speakers from the Y. M. C. A., and this outside influence has furthered its cause. To let the school know that they were for it, the energetic members made blotters for the school. The boys have met in their respective homes for meetings, and in this way have created a personal regard for each other.

GIRL RESERVE CLUB

The Girl Reserves have been exceptionally active this year. During the first semester, with Margaret Jones as its leader and president, the club accomplished many noteworthy events. Before the holidays, the girls had a sleigh-ride out to the Garwood Home, where each girl presented a personal gift to some dear old lady. They returned home with a true Christmas spirit which was not in the least dampened by a snow storm. The second semester the freshmen members undertook and successfully completed a rummage sale. Virginia Wood, the enterprising new president, will probably attend a camp this summer. Her trip will be financed by the money earned from a flower sale. It was loads of fun flitting here and there, coaxing pocket-books to open for gorgeous roses. People must love roses, as the profits from the sale were surprisingly high. The Girl Reserves have done much good this year and have enjoyed working for and helping others.

GLEE CLUBS

The glee clubs of University High School, under the efficient direction of Miss Kitchell and Mr. Fauser, gleefully sang their way through 1930. Interesting selections were introduced into our assemblies, as the glee clubs made themselves seen and heard whenever the occasion arose. The Girls' Glee Club placed third in the county contest. The combined boys' and girls' glee clubs will present an operetta, "The Isle of Chance," towards the end of the year. The officers of the Girls' Glee Club included the president, Margaret Jane McCaskill; vice-president, Jean Robertson; secretary, Jane Gordon, and librarians, Anna-Marie Kunz and Katherine White. Although certain teasing persons have referred to the members as "Mee-ow-ers," they keep right on entertaining us and who knows how many Galli-Curcis, or Rosa Ponselles are hidden in their midst? Until we do achieve greatness, we are content in the school of our pride, Uni High.

BASKETBALL TEAM

William Coffeen

Philip Reichman
Erwin Whitnah

Mel Combs
Rex Newcomb

THE PLAYERS

Erwin Whitnah

Whitnah, guard, played his first and last season for University High this year. His defense work was good, and he could be counted on for a few points each game. His best game was the first encounter of the season when he scored eleven points out of nineteen against the Foosland team. "Whit" leaves us this June.

William Coffeen

Coffeen, forward, played a wonderful brand of basketball for Uni High. "Bill," even though he is very small, could be seen in every play, fighting for possession of the ball. He could be depended upon to hold his man and work for the team. Coffeen will be one of the main cogs in next year's team.

Philip Reichman

Reichman, forward, was a new player to University High this year. After the first few games, he played like a four-year man. "Curly" has two more years to play for us here, so keep your eyes on this boy.

Mel Combs

Combs, center, also came to University High from Champaign High with Reichman and Whitnah. "Mel" from the first game showed himself to be as good as any other man on the team and fully able to give any opponent a good battle. Here is a fellow who had an "eagle-eye" all through the entire season and led the team in scoring with 43 points. "Mel" has one more year. Watch him shine.

Kenneth Chase

Chase, forward and guard, went through a good season this year. He has had at least one long shot each game. "Ken" is a senior this year, and someone will have to be found to fit his shoes.

Rexford Newcomb

Newcomb, guard, showed up a lot better this year because he had a chance to show what he could do. "Rex" had a bit of advantage over the rest of the boys in his six feet, two and one-half inches of height. "Rex" will be a good man for the team next year and will be the strong factor of the defense. He is a junior.

Charles Shepard

Shepard, forward, is a small lad but is "plenty fast." "Shep" is somewhat handicapped because of his diminutive stature, but he can handle many players twice his height. "Shep" is a freshman, so watch him go for three years.

OUR COACH

CLIFFORD HORTON

"Cliff" came to us very highly recommended by Craig Ruby, and he has come out on top in the cage game.

"Cliff" belongs to the Athletic Coaching School, and we wish him lots of success in the coaching game in future years.

1929-1930 BASKETBALL SEASON (2-12)

1.	Uni High—19	Foosland—15 W
2.	Uni High—13	Monticello—25 L
3.	Uni High— 3	Penfield—49 L
4.	Uni High— 8	Rantoul— 9 L
5.	Uni High—13	Fisher—27 L
6.	Uni High—13	Monticello—28 L
7.	Uni High—11	Fisher—28 L
8.	Uni High—17	Foosland—14 W
9.	Uni High—14	Tolono—33 L
10.	Uni High—12	Mahomet—28 L
11.	Uni High— 9	Tolono (County)—27 L
12.	Uni High— 9	Rantoul—27 L
13.	Uni High—11	Tolono—18 L
14.	Uni High— 6	Champaign (District)—51 L
	Total_____158	Total_____389

University High_____158
Opponents _____389

THE GAMES

University High vs. Foosland

This was the first game of the season, and the boys played a fine brand of ball for the first tilt. Whitnah was the high scorer of the game with 11 points.

University High vs. Monticello

The boys seemed to be off form in this game and would have been badly beaten had it not been for the fine basketball played by "Mel" Combs.

University High vs. Penfield

Uni High was no match for this fast team, and we were badly beaten by a score of 49 to 3.

University High vs. Rantoul

This is one game that we should have had under our belt. The score was 9 to 8 with a minute to play. One of the boys had a chance to make four free throws, but it didn't seem to be his lucky night.

University High vs. Fisher

We journeyed to Fisher on one of the coldest nights of the winter to be defeated by the score of 27 to 13.

University High vs. Monticello

It was just another repeater for the boys from Okaw Valley and another defeat for our boys.

University High vs. Fisher

This was the hardest fought game of the entire season; and even though we lost, the boys did not feel so badly about it.

University High vs. Foosland

The boys played a slow-breaking game again this time, and it seemed to be the only type of ball that Uni High could use in order to win the game.

University High vs. Tolono

This was a lucky night for both teams. They seemed to close their eyes and throw the ball, and something put it in the basket. When the last gun cracked, we were again defeated by a score of 33 to 14.

University High vs. Mahomet

Mahomet came to Uni High, built high, wide, and handsome. And when that game was over, each player on our team knew that they were the better team.

University High vs. Tolono

County Tournament

We again met Tolono and came home on the small end of the score, but we will never forget the three baskets made by "Ken" Chase from far back of the center of the floor.

University High vs. Rantoul

We met Rantoul with more fight than at the former game; but we found that they had also come with the same frame of mind, and they beat us, 27 to 9.

University High vs. Tolono

Fate seemed to hold that we were to play this team three times during the season, and they finished the series with three victories.

University High vs. Champaign

We went to the District Tournament with the hope that we could at least give them a good battle, but we were wrong, and before the half was over, we were playing against the second team. The score of the Uni High team was made up by Chase and Combs, making two free throws each, and Whitnah, making the only field goal.

SENIOR AND JUNIOR CLASS PLAYS

April fifth was the gala day when the seniors gave their play, "Dulcy."

Following their lead, the juniors presented a creditable production of "Kempy."

Both classes attribute the success of the plays to the excellent coaching of Miss Stutzman.

THE CASTS

"DULCY"

William Parker, Duley's brother—Theodore Parmelee
Henry, the new butler—Andrew Draper
Gordon Smith, Duley's husband—Preston Tuttle
Tem Sterrett, advertising engineer—Robert Stout
Duleinea—Margaret McCaskill
Schuyler Van Dyke—Robert Watson
C. Roger Forbes—Robert Bacon
Mrs. Forbes, his second wife—Betty Provine
Anglea, Forbes' daughter—Katharine White
Vincent Leach, a scenarist—Jack McNevin
Blair Patterson—John Gums

"KEMPY"

Dad Bence—Walter Enger
Ma Bence—Edith Lytle
Ruth, their youngest—Virginia Wood
Jane, their oldest—Mary Margaret Oldham
Kate—Elinor Wilson
Ben, Jane's husband—Rex Newcomb
Kempy—John Anderson
Duke Merrill—Mels Combs

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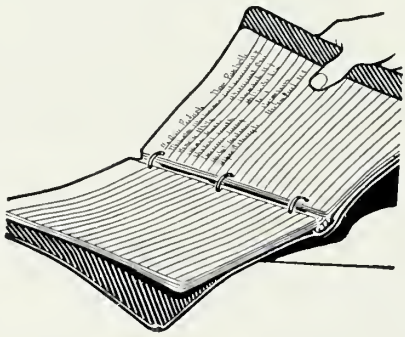

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Brown's son had obtained an appointment with the government. After his first day at the office the family plied him with questions, one of which was, "And how many people work in your office?"

The young man breezily replied, "Oh, about half of them."

John—"We are now passing one of the most exclusive shops in town."

Alicia—"Why?"

Real Estate Agent—"Of course, you may find the traffic a bit noisy at first, sir, but after the second week you won't notice it."

Wife (eagerly)—"Oh, George, dear, we could go and stay with mother for the first two weeks."

The inspection of baggage for fruit flies in Florida will probably continue until they find one.

"This quarter's no good. It won't ring."

"Waddya want for two bits—chimes?"

Joe Morlock—"Will you come to the Dramatic Evening with me?"

Doris Greene—"I don't know. I haven't bought my ticket yet."

In Washington:

"Check your bag, mister?"

"Yes, and put it on ice."

Miss Kitchell—"Robert, is Bach still composing?"

Robert Bacon—"No, he's decomposing."

"Harry, dear, promise that if I die you will marry Jane Jenkins."

"Jane Jenkins!" he exclaimed in astonishment. "Why, I thought you hated her."

"I do," she responded briefly.

Said Mr. Williams to a waitress bold,
"See here, young women, my cocoa's cold."
She scornfully answered, "I can't help that,
If the blamed thing's chilly, put on your hat!"

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Anna Williams—"Mother, do all fairy tales begin, 'Once upon a time'?"

Mrs. Williams—"No dear; some begin 'I'll be working late at the office tonight'."

Mr. Habberton and Mr. Harvey had a quarrel. They decided to settle it by a duel. Pistols were chosen as weapons, and they were to fight in a dark room. They drew straws for first shot. Mr. Habberton won. They took their places. The lights went out. Mr. Habberton paused a minute. He then went directly to the chimney, pointed his gun up, fired, and brought down Mr. Harvey.

"Lily, you were entertaining a man in the kitchen last night, weren't you?"

"That's for him to say, ma'am. I did my best."

Bob Stout—"We used to have a mule on our farm that seemed just like one of the family."

Ted Newcomb—"I'll bet I can guess which one of the family it was like."

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KAUFMAN'S

Miss Taylor—"How did the faculty meeting go off?"
Mr. Habberton—"We had a row. I was outspoken."
Miss Taylor—"Surely not! By whom?"

Miss McHarry—"Name two kinds of clauses."
Walter Draper—"Independent clause and Santy Claus."

Central—"Number, please."
Freshman—"Number, rats. I put my nickel in and I want my gum!"

Then there was the absent minded professor who poured coffee in his lap and then tried to drink his napkin.

The learned counsel glared at the witness. "Are you positive, sir," he demanded "that the prisoner is the man who stole your car?"
"Well," answered the witness, "I was, until you cross-examined me. Now I'm not sure whether I ever had a car at all."

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Father (looking over son's first semester report card)—"See here, son, how is it that your grades after Christmas are all lower."

Son—"Why, you see, everything's marked down after Christmas."

The after-dinner speaker had talked for fifteen minutes.

"After partaking of such an excellent meal," he explained, "I feel that if I should eat another bite, I should be unable to talk."

From the back of the room came an order to a waiter: "Bring him a sandwich."

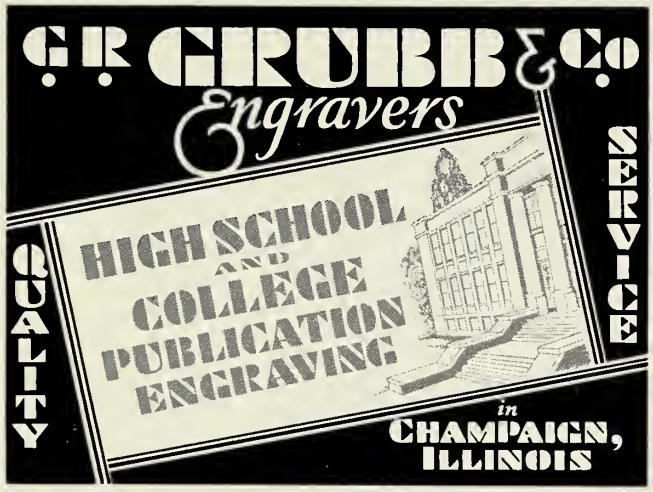
Dennis Houlihan—"Mother, have you a nickel I can give to a poor man?"

Mrs. Houlihan—"Of course, dear. Where is he?"

Dennis—"Down on the corner selling ice cream cones."

Mrs. Parmelee—"Be very careful. I've just had the floors waxed."

Electrician—"Don't worry, lady. I've got nails in me boots."



Very Obliging Barber—"And would you like me to sharpen the pencil behind your ear, sir?"

D. Carson—"What an extraordinary frock Barbara is wearing. Says its imported, doesn't she?"

Elinor Wilson—"Not exactly in those words. It's from last season. The dressmaker turned it inside out and now she says it's from the other side."

Mrs. Draper: 'Stop reaching across the table, Walter! Haven't you a tongue?"

Walt: "Yes, mother, but my arm is longer."

Rex Newcomb—"Were girls harder to kiss in your day, grandad?"

Grand-dad Newcomb—"Wall, mebbe they were, but you didn't have to watch the parlor sofa to keep it from runnin' into a ditch."

A good way to see if the phone is working—take a bath when everyone else is out of the house.

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Owner of partly-finished house: "The fact is, I've arranged to get married as soon as the house is complete."

Foreman (understandingly): Don't you worry. We'll hang onto the job as long as we can."

Helen Garland drove up to a filling station and asked for a quart of red oil.

"Red oil," repeated the bewildered proprietor.

"Yes, please, the tail light has gone out."

It was after the opera. The expensively dressed woman approached the broad shouldered man.

"If I am not mistaken," she said, "I have the honor of speaking to the renowned bass?"

He felt flattered.

"And what can I do for you, madam?" he asked.

"I can't find my husband. Would you be so kind as to call out 'Elmer' at the top of your lungs?"

W. Lewis & Company

TELEPHONE 4151

Tramp—"Have you a piece of cake, lady, to give to a poor man who hasn't had a bite to eat for two days?"

Mrs. Hagan—"Cake? Isn't bread good enough for you?"

Tramp—"Ordinarily, yes, madam, but today is my birthday."

Mr. Williams (In assembly)—"If absence makes the heart grow fonder, there are a number of pupils who dearly love our assemblies."

An actor had been guilty of a dangerous piece of driving. A policeman approached tugging his note-book from his pocket.

The actor smiled. "Well, my man," said he, pleasantly. "I make it a rule never to sign autograph books, but in your case I'll make an exception."

"And what are you here for, my man," asked the welfare worker.

Prisoner—"Flattery, ma'am. Caught imitating another man's signature on a check."

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BREAD PUDDING

ONE of our business
NEIGHBORS had bread
PUDDING for desert last
NIGHT, but we happen to
KNOW that his wife's
INTENTION was to serve a
NICE blueberry pie for
WE saw her come out of
DAVIS' Bakery and
START across Elm St.
WITH it, but just as she
GOT about half way
ACROSS an auto honked
JUST behind her and she
LET out a squawk and that
PIE sailed about ten feet
IN the air; and after she
SAW what she had done she
WAS SO embarrassed that
SHE hurried on home and
DIDN'T go back for
ANOTHER—which just goes
TO show that there's very
FEW things you can be
SURE of these days except
THE quality of Lowe Bros. High Standard Paints
AND that has been proved
SO often there can no
LONGER be any doubt of it.

Moral: You can depend on Lowe Bros. Paints and bread pudding when everything else fails.

OLDHAM BROS.

SAVE WITH SAFETY AT The Rexall Store

Urbana :: :: Illinois

Miss Hendrix: "Did your father help you with this sum?"

Joe Wooters: "No, I got it wrong myself."

Her father was reading. The coast seemed clear. The young man approached, coughed, and stammered the momentous question.

"I—er. That is, I—er—I would like to—I mean, I have—Well, sir, I've been going with your daughter for about five years now."

"I know!" snapped the father angrily. "But what do you want, a pension?"

Son (Talking about an exam) "Dad, I passed Caesar today."

Father—"Well, what did he have to say?"

John Anderson—"Well, Bill, how are you?"

Bill Rapp—"Wonderful!"

John Anderson—"I'm glad someone thinks so."

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Tuttle—"Do you walk in your sleep?"
Robertson—"No, I've been taking my carfare to bed with me."

"Repeat the words the defendant used," said the counsel for plaintiff in a slander case.
"I'd rather not," said the witness timidly, "they were hardly words to tell to a gentleman."
"I see," said the counsel, "then whisper them to the judge."

Whitnah: "Can you lend me a paltry five dollars until pay day?"
Chet Parkhill: "What do you mean by pay day?"
Whitnah: "The day I pay you."

Martha Rusk: "Did you have much snow this year?"
Bill Rapp: "A fair amount, but my neighbor had more."
Martha: "How could he have more?"
Bill: "He has more land than I have."

Something About

PRINTING

PRINTING is more than a trade: it is an art. There is printing that consists simply in putting blobs of type on paper. And there is the sort you get at Flanigan-Pearson Company, your message handsomely presented in a clear distinctive manner. Whatever the nature of your printing requirements, we offer a service unequalled in our community.

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Martha Smith had attended a health lecture, and stayed behind to ask the lecturer a question.

"Did I understand you to say," she asked, "that deep breathing kills microbes?"

"I certainly did say that many microbes are killed by deep breathing," replied the lecturer.

"Then can you tell me, please," she asked, "how one can teach the microbes to breathe deeply?"

Old Gentleman: So you are going to school now, are you, Don?"

Don Boudreau: "Yes, sir."

"Spell puppy for me."

"Oh, I'm farther advanced than that. Try me on dog."

Mrs. Hagan: "If you really want work—Mr. Green wants a right-hand man."

John Gums: "Just my luck—I'm left-handed!"

ALWAYS

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Champaign

Phone 9053

"Noises in my head keep me awake nights."

"That's impossible."

"Why?"

"Sound can't be transmitted through a vacuum."

"I've come to tune your piano, Mam."

Miss Kitchel: "I haven't sent for you."

"No, but your neighbors have."

Mrs. Carter: "Didn't I tell you to notice when the milk boiled over?"

Mary Jane: "I did. It was half-past eight."

Miss Dalrymple: "Why are you late for school Billy?"

Billy C.: "I stopped two boys from fighting."

Miss D.: "That's fine. How did you accomplish it?"

Bill: "I licked them both."

Eleta Dallenbach: "I'm sorry you don't think much of my voice, Ted. The people next door say I ought to go abroad to study."

Ted Newcomb: "Yes, but I don't live next door."

Bob Bacon was trying to explain to several companions the meaning of the word "phenomenon."

"It's like this," he began. "You see that field of thistles? Well, that's no phenomenon."

"But suppose you were to see a lark singing above it, that wuldn't be a phenomenon, either."

"No?"

"Even if there was a bull in the field at the same time, that wouldn't be a phenomenon."

"Er—no."

"But if you saw that bull sittin' on a thistle singing like a lark—well, that would be a phenomenon."

A bomb was recently discovered in a Chicago restaurant. It is understood that some of the customers saw the thing and hoped it would explode and perhaps draw the attention of a waiter.

Vernon Sutton was told that the police were looking for a man with a monocle.

"But surely it would be better," he said, "if they were to use a telescope."

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